her when I am gone, and she is old and cannot helpe her selfe, you shall haue forty sir.

Bar. Go to, stand aside.

Feeble By my troth I care not, a man can die but once, we owe God a death, ile nere beare a base mind, and't bee my destny: so, and't be not, so, no man's too good to serue's prince, and let it go which way it will, he that dies this yeere is quit for the next.

Bar Well said, th'art a good fellow.

Feeble Faith ile beare no base mind.

Enter Falstaffe and the Iustices.

Fal. Come sir, which men shall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you please.

Bar Sir, a word with you, I haue three pound to free Mouldy and Bulcalfe.

Fal. Go to, well.

Shal. Come sir Iohn, which foure wil you haue?

Fal. Do you chuse for me.

Shal. Mary then, Mouldy, Bulcalfe, Feeble, and Sadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bulcalfe, for you Mouldy stay at home, til you are past seruice: and for your part Bulcalfe, grow til you come vnto it, I will none of you.

Shal. Sir Iohn, sir Iohn, doe not your selfe wrong, they are your likeliest men, and I would haue you serude with the best.

Fal. Wil you tel me (master Shallow) how to chuse a man? care I for the limbe, the thewes, the stature, bulke and big assemblance of a man: giue me the spirit M. Shalow: heres Wart, you see what a ragged apparance it is, a shall charge you, and discharge you with the motion of a pewterers hammer, come off and on swifter then he that gibbets on the brewers bucket: and this same halfe facde fellow Shadow, giue me this man, he presents no marke to the enemy, the fo-man may with as great aime leuel at the edge of a pen-knife, and for a retraite how swiftly wil this Feeble the womans Tailer runne off? O giue mee the spare men, and spare me the great ones, putte mee a caliuer

caliuer into Warts hand Bardolfe.

Bar. Hold Wart, trauers thas, thas, thas.

Fal. Come mannage me your caliuer: so, very wel, go to, very good, exceeding good, O giue me alwaies a little leane, olde chopt Ballde, shot: well said yfaith Wart, th'art a good scab, hold, theres a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his crafts-master, he doth not do it right; I remember at Mile-end-greene, when I lay at Clements Inne, I was then sir Dagonet in Arthurs show, there was a little quiuer fellow, and a would mannage you his peece thus, and a would about and about, and come you in, and come you in, rah, tah, tah, would a say, bounce would a say, and away again would a go, and againe would a come: I shall nere see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellowes woold doe well M. Shallow, God keep you M. Scilens, I will not vse many words with you, fare you wel gentlemen both, I thank you, I must a dosen mile to night: Bardolfe, giue the souldiers coates.

Shal. Sir Iohn, the Lord blesse you, God prosper your affaires, God send vs peace at your returne. visit our house, let our old acquaintance be renewed, peraduenture I will with ye to the court.

Fal. Fore God would you would.

Shal. Go to, I haue spoke at a word, God keep you.

Fal. Fare you well gentle gentlemen. *exit*

Shal. On Bardolfe, leade the men away, as I returne I will fetch off these iustices, I do see the bottome of iustice Shallow, Lord, Lord, how subiect we old men are to this vice of lying, this same staru'd iustice hath done nothing but prate to me, of the wildnesse of his youth, and the feates he hath done about Turne-bull street, and euery third word a lie, dewer paid to the hearer then the Turkes tribute, I doe remember him at Clements Inne, like a man made after supper of a cheese paring, when a was naked, he was for all the worlde like a forkt reddish, with a head fantastically carued vpon it with a knife, a was so forlorne, that his demensions to any thicke sight were

 inuin-